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A DEFIANCE TO DEATH.

Being

The Funebrious Commemoration of the Right Honourable, *Baptiſt* Lord *Hickes*, Viſcount *Camden*, late deceaſed.

Preached at *Camden* in *Glouceſter-ſhire*, Nouember 8. 1629.

By IOHN GAVLE.

LONDON:
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BRITISH MUSEUM

To the truely Honourable and religious Ladies, *Iulian*, Viſcounteſſe *Camden*, and *Mary*, Lady *Cooper*; Daughters to the late right Honourable *Baptiſt*, Lord *Hickes*, Viſcount *Camden*; the bleſſings of both this, and the life to come.

Moſt Noble, and vertuous Ladies:

TO whom ſhould I dedicate the memoriall of your deceaſed Father, but to you, in whom he liues? Who (mee thinkes)

but his Monuments, may challenge his commemoration? Besides the life hee was personally possessed of; you are his deriued life: and he yet liues, (and long may he) though not in himselfe, yet in his Successions. Yet (alas!) how much rather had you (I know) to haue still enioyed, then thus supplyed his life? But you are not ignorant, how nature abides not alwayes, but succeedes: how God but lends, not bindes your friends to your inioyment. He was giuen you, to be taken from you: yours hee was, to vse, rather then possesse: yours in his life, name, vertues, graces, to inherit; and not yours, in an earthly being to ingrosse. Therefore had you him, to lose him, and must therefore be contented with his losse: yea,

yea, ought indeed to reioyce rather, that once yee had him; then ſorrow, that now ye haue him not. Grant, it cannot bee but a griefe to miſſe him: ſo neither but a ioy to remember him. It was an happineſſe more delighting, when you might reioyce in his preſence: but is an happineſſe more laſting, that you may yet reioyce in his remembrance. You both (beyond the common lot and hap) were much, and long happy, in a double Parent: the loſſe of one now admoniſhes, yea, applaudes you, to eſteeme another Parent, and feare anothers loſſe. But, I ſpare from further repetitions of your loſſe; leſt (while I would ſtriue to conſolate, and appeaſe them) I rather prooue but to renew your ſorrow, & prouoke your feare.

For mine owne part (who reckon my ſelfe not the leaſt in his loſſe) I count it euen as enuy, to bewayle the happy: and but folly, forlornely to ſorrow for him; that certainly reioyces for himſelfe. Neuertheleſſe (for loſſe of friends) forbid I no man to mourne, but murmure, and deſpaire. Such our ſorrowes, are but the late tokens of our loue, and muſt as wel be moderate, as vnfaigned. Neither ſhould our hearts (in this caſe) be flinty, nor effeminate: nor our eyes alwayes dropping, nor altogether dry. For me, I like neither to bee niggardly, nor prodigall of my teares: neither to be deſperate, nor ambitious of my complaints. I ſay no more of this ſorrow and loſſe, becauſe I would not packe them vp, or decke

decke them vp in words onely. Thus much haue I written, becauſe I would not that a priuate houre ſhould extinguiſh or ingroſſe them. What I haue herein preſumed, beſides the comfort (I truſt) you ſhall receiue by it: this alſo ſhall comfort mee, that you daigne to receiue it.

Your good Ladiſhips

in all humble obſeruance,

IOHN GAVLE.

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A DEFIANCE TO DEATH.

1 Cor. 15.55.

Oh death, where is thy sting?

VPright *Adam* was made immortall: but sinfull *Adam* begat all his Sonnes mortall, like as hee had made himselfe.

ſelfe. e*Adam* then is dead, and ſo all *Adams* Sonnes but liue to dye. The ſentence of death paſt vpon vs in him; wee are but borne to the execution thereof in our ſelues. Euen as *Adam* himſelfe, for the neceſſity of dy-
Gen.2 17. ing, dyed the ſame day that hee ſinned; though, for the euent, and iſſue of death, hee liued an
Gen,5.5. hundred and thirty yeares after that day. So in him wee vnderwent the ſame neceſſity; though it be for thouſands of yeares after, that wee are brought out to ſuch an euent. As a Malefactor is a dead man according to the law, at that inſtant the ſentence is pronounced vpon him: though for ſome few dayes after, the execution be deferred: So according to Gods law and decree, we are all dead in *Adams* doome: though God bee yet pleaſed to prolong thoſe things of ours, wherein we muſt liue to dye, accordingly as hee hath doomed

doomed vs. A malefactor is not executed ſometimes of one, two, three, foure, fiue, or ſixe dayes after his iudgement: Euen ſo were we all adiudged to dye, before wee were; but God (with whom a thouſand yeeres is but as one day) hath appoynted the firſt, ſecond, third, fourth, fifth, or ſixt thouſand yeare of the world, to be the day of our execution.

There is a more neceſſity vpon our death, then our life. No ſuch need, that hee that is not, ſhould be, as that he that now liues, ſhould once dye.

The former may be ſuppoſed, but this other is expreſſed: *It is appoynted for all men once to dye.* Heb. 9. 27. There is alwaies a more neceſſity of the End, then Meanes. Not onely in execution, but intention, is death the end of life. *Morti nati ſumus*, wee are borne to dye, and dye from the time that we are borne. Our birth-

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Gen.2.17. ing, dyed the same day that hee sinned; though, for the euent, and issue of death, hee liued an
Gen,5.5. hundred and thirty yeares after that day. So in him wee vnderwent the same necessity; though it be for thousands of yeares after, that wee are brought out to such an euent. As a Malefactor is a dead man according to the law, at that instant the sentence is pronounced vpon him: though for some few dayes after, the execution be deferred: So according to Gods law and decree, we are all dead in *Adams* doome: though God bee yet pleased to prolong those things of ours, wherein we must liue to dye, accordingly as hee hath doomed

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day.

day, what is it, but the beginning of our death-day? our death-day, what, but the end of our birth day? our birth-day precedes, or happens before our death-day: but our death-day is preferred before our birth-day:

Eccles.7.3 *The day of death is better then the day that one is borne.* Did wee so consider it, our birth-day is indeed a punishment, and our death-day (in comparison) a reward. *Vt supplicium non sit nasci, mors efficit.* Death is as the remedy against the miseries of life: and to dye, is but to rest from those labours, and cease from those sorrowes, whereunto wee were borne. What a plague and punishment were our birth-day into a sinfull and miserable world, did not our death-day giue an end to all such euils, both of sinne, and paine?

I said, our birth-day is the beginning of our death-day: and our death-day but the end of

our birth-day. We are deceiued, to call the day of our departure onely, the day of our death. On our laſt day indeed we ceaſe to liue, but from our firſt day, wee beginne to dye. *Conſummat hora mortem extrema, non facit.* Our laſt day doth not cauſe death, but conſummate it, doth rather finiſh, then beginne it. It is not the extream and vtmoſt minute of our life, that brings death vpon vs: it rather but manifeſts, that death was alwayes with vs. As ſpake the Prophet of perſecutions, *Wee are killed all the day long*, and the Apoſtle *Paul* concerning his owne ſufferings, *I dye daily*: So, though no violence come againſt vs, euen through natures owne frailty, wee dye daily, and by fatall mortality, we are killed all the day long. We dye daily, from the time we firſt beginne to liue: On our firſt day, our life is the longeſt: euery day after, takes one day from our liues,

Pſal. 44. 22
1 Cor. 15. 31.

liues; and the longer wee haue liued, the leſſe we haue to liue.

Senec. lib. 3. epiſt 24. *Quotidie morimur, quotidie enim demitur aliqua pars vitæ: & tunc quoque cum creſcimus, vita decreſcit.* We dye daily, euery day paſſes away a part of our life; and while wee are yet waxing, does our life decreaſe.

Ibid. *Hunc ipſum quem agimus diem, cum morte diuidimus*: This very day that we now liue, doe we diuide with death.

Hieron. ad Heliodor. in Epitaph. Nepotiani. *Hoc ipſum quod dicto, quod ſcribitur, quod relego, quod emendo, de vita mea tollitur.* As by the times of eating, ſleeping, working, playing: ſo by the inſtants of ſpeaking, reading, writing, our liues are leſſened. Yea (brethren) this houre, theſe moments of my preaching, and your hearing, are taken away from both our liues.

We dye daily: our times dye daily, our actions dye daily, our perſons dye daily. Our times dye daily: the time paſt, is dead

to

to the time preſent; the time preſent, is dying to the time to come: yeſterday is dead to To-day, and To-day is dying to To-morrow. Our actions dye daily: what is done and paſt, is dead to what is now doing: and what is now doing, is dying to what hereafter muſt bee done. We neither remember what we haue done, nor conceiue what wee haue done, nor delight in what wee haue done: ſo daily dye our actions to our memories, to our vnderſtandings, to our affections. Our perſons dye daily: our infancy dyes into childhood, our childhood into youth, our youth into manhood, our manhood into old age, and our old age dyes into death. A man is in a continuall conſumption of himſelfe: His dayes ſpend him alſo, as hee ſpends his dayes. Euery day one part or piece of him languiſheth or periſheth, corrupteth, and is caſt

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Seneca vt supra.

cast away. *Non repente in mortem incidimus, sed minutatim procedimus.* We dye by piece-meale, and not all at once. There is no day in which our spirits vanish not, our bloud cooles not, our moysture dryes not, our stomack fayles not, our liuer corrupts not, our lungs consume not, our bowels yearn not, our heart faints not, our head akes not: euery day, either some veine stops, some sinew shrinkes, or some bone breakes: either is some skinne withered, some flesh bruised, or some member decayed. Euery day more then other, either the eyes grow dimme of seeing, the eares dull of hearing, or else the palate vnsauory of tasting. Thus dye the parts by little and little, and thus is the whole dead at last. The Candle still consumes, from the time it first beginnes to burne: so waste the oyle and marrow of a mans life, from the time that he begins to

to liue. Man is a Candle, that either conſumes himſelfe vpon the candleſticke of the world, or elſe ſweales away vnder the buſhell of his Mothers wombe. The houre-glaſſe runnes continually, from the time it is turned. Man is an houre-glaſſe, but a running ſand, or mouing duſt. And as the ſand in the houre-glaſſe fals corne by corne, or mite by mite, till the heape bee runne out: ſo a man drops away by little and little, till the whole lumpe be done. A Traueller goes many dayes onward to his iourneyes end. Man is this Traueller, this life the way, and death the iourneyes end. And is it a ſtrange thing to dye, when our whole life is but the way to death? *Tu non putabas te aliquando peruenturum ad id, ad quod ſemper ibas?* Can we thinke not once to come to, what wee alwayes goe to? There is no way on earth without an end: the intricateſt

Sen. ep. 78.

intricateſt labyrinth hath a way out at laſt. Wee goe towards death continually, how ſhould we but meet withall at laſt? Wee dye daily, how ſhould wee but once be dead? *Miſer homo, quare te omni hora non diſponis? cogita te iam mortuum, quem ſcis neceſſitate moriturum.* Wretched man then, who euer thou art, ſeeing thou dyeſt daily, why doſt thou not daily diſpoſe thy ſelfe for death? thinke thy ſelfe now dead, whom thou knoweſt needes muſt dye. Woe to vs wretches all! that ſo many of vs are ſo neare death, and yet put it ſo farre from vs: ſo neere it in the euent, and yet put it ſo farre from vs in the conſideration. Death is ready to take vs by the hand, in the naturall execution; ere wee are willing to take death to heart by a chriſtian meditation. Wee goe toward the graue, with our faces backward: our feet are at poynt to fall into it,

Bern. ſer.

it, ere our eyes once looke vpon it. We many feele Death before we know Death: & are brought wofully to hazard, or experience it; ere we are drawne wisely to consider, and conceiue it, though we see it dayly in others; yet can we not be led to consider it in our selues: hereof haue we dayly warning; yet will we make it vnawares. *Nihil ita quotidie homines vt mortem, vident; nihil ita obliuiscuntur vt mortem.* Men daily behould nothing more then Death, and yet then Death, they forget, they neglect nothing more. But to bring you (beloued) to the knowledge, the consideration & remembrance of Death; I haue taken this text (*O Death, where is thy sting*) both to instruct you concerning it; as also to incourage you against it. Where note first an Appellation, secondly an Interrogation: an Appellation, or Death summoned; *O Death!* an Interogation,

Eucher: epist: Paran.

gation, or Death dared; *Where is thy sting?* Where I haue 1. Something to say to Death, for your instruction; *O Death!* 2. One thing to aske of Death, for your incouragement; *Where is thy sting?*

1. The Appellation, or Death summoned; where I am to say some thing to Death, for your instruction: *O Death!*

O Death! what art thou? a Chimæra, a Fable, a Buggebeare a Dreame, a Shadow, a nothing. O Death, thou art a strange thing consider: Thou art none of Gods Creature: *God made not Death, neither hath he pleasure in the destruction of the liuing.* God is the God of our being, he delights not in our destruction. Death was intended not for vs, but for our Sinne: therefore are we mortall, that sinne might not bee immortall: Wee must therefore dye, once, that it might not alwayes liue.

Wisedom. 1.13.

O Death, what doſt thou? thou diſſolueſt the rareſt compact of Heauen and Earth; thou diſtinguiſheſt betwixt our Spirit, and our Clay; Body and Soule thou ſeparateſt, ſharper art thou then any two edged ſword, and entreſt to the diuiding a ſunder of the Soule and Spirit, thou euen diuideſt betwixt the marrow and the bone. Thou makeſt our Duſt returne to the Earth, whence it was taken; and our Spirit to God that gaue it.

Oh Death! thou makeſt our Spirit vaniſh, our Breath ſtop, our blood coole, our colour change, our Beauty fade, our Strength fall, Thou makeſt the keepers of the houſe (our hands) to tremble, and the ſtrong men (our feet) to bow themſelues: Thou makeſt the grinders (our Teeth) to ceaſe, and them that looke out of the windowes (our Eyes) to waxe darke: Thou ſhutteſt Eccleſ. 12.

ſhutteſt the Doores of our lippes and ſtoppeſt our windpipes, the Daughters of our ſinging: Thou cutteſt ſhort the ſiluer cord of Marrow; and breakeſt the golden Ewer of our Brainpanne: Thou breakeſt the Pitcher of our veines, at the Well of our Liuer; at the Ceſterne of our Heart, there breakeſt thou the wheele of our Head.

Heb. 9. 27. *O Death*, thou art doomed to vs all. *It is appointed for all men once to dye.* We all walke this one way, all tread this one path; we muſt all ſleepe our laſt ſleepe; and that darke night of Death, will once ouertake vs all, *Patres noſtri præterierunt, nos abimus, poſteri ſequuntur.* Our Fathers are dead, our Friends are dead, and our ſelues alſo muſt dye. Some are gone before vs, ſome accompany vs and ſome come after vs, like waue after waue are we daſht againſt the hard and cold ſtone Death, *Serius aut citius, metam*

Eucher: Paren.

tam properamus ad vnum. And thus soone, or late we dye all at last. We are borne, with condition to dye: We therefore put on the Garment of our Body, to put it off. and at first take vp the load of Nature, to lay it dowen at last. Death is Natures Law; and to dye, is but to pay Natures Tribute. It is as naturall for vs to liue, and dye; as for to wake, and sleepe:

O Death, Thou art certainely comming, yet vncertaine is it when thou wilt come. *Nil certius morte, at hora mortis incertius nihil.* Nothing more certaine then Death; but then the houre of Death, nothing more vncertaine; *Of that day, and houre knoweth no man.* That is, of the day of Iudgement, & the houre of Death. Death comes as a Thiefe in the night, both suddenly, and violentl y: it takes vs, one vpon the house top, another in the Field; one working in

Matth. 24. 36.

in the Vine-yard, another grinding at the Mill: one vpon the house top of honours, another in the field of Pleasures; one labouring in the Vineyard of a Christian Calling, another grinding at the Mill of worldly affaires. Eccles. 9. 12. *A man knoweth not his time*, that is, the time of his death. God will not tell vs the time, when Death shal come vpon vs; because hee would haue vs thinke it neuer but neere vs: He will not let vs know our last day; because he would haue vs suspect and expect euery day to be our last. *Aug de discipl: Christiana.* *Latet vltimus dies, vt obseruentur omnes dies.* This one houre, the houre of Death is hidden from vs; that all the houres of our life might the rather be obserued by vs.

O Death, thou art impartiall, and indifferent to all: *Pauperum tabernas, regumque turres*: thou knockest equally at the Pallace, as the Cottage doore: thou likenest

neſt a Kings ſcull to a Beggers, and makeſt no difference betweene their duſt. Neither haſt thou pitty vpon the Poore, nor reſpect vnto the Rich, neither ſcorneſt thou the fooliſh, nor doſt thou reuerence the wiſe: *How dyeth the wiſeman? as doth the Foole.* The old man, thou long threatneſt; the yong man, thou ſoone betrayeſt, Neither ſpareſt thou for Age, Sexe, Degrees, nor Gifts. No Power of ours can forbid thee; no Diligence auoyd thee; no teares moue thee; Price hire thee; no art, or Eloquence perſwade thee. Eccleſ. 2. 16.

O Death, thou art manifold: thou commeſt to vs in ſundry hues and ſhapes. Thou approacheſt pale, and leane, to the old man; bloody, & boyſterous, to the yong man, blacke as hell, to the bad man, and but vgly, vnto euery man. Thou cõmeſt to vs, ſometimes in Mens hands, ſometimes in Beaſtes mouthes, ſome-

times in a flame of fire, sometimes in a waue of water, sometimes in a blast of wind; sometimes in the slipping of a foote, somtimes in the faling of a stone: Thou comest to vs, sometimes in our cloaths, and sometimes in our Meate and Drinke. We dye diuersly: Some by warre, some in Peace; some by Sea, some by land; some in the Field, some on our Beds; some by our own violence, or Intemperance, some by a sudden wound, and some by a languishing disease, *Mille modis lethi miseros mors vna fatigat.* And thus, by a thousand wayes of dying, one Death destroyes vs all.

Eccluſ. 41. 1. 2. *O Death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee, to a man that liueth at rest in his possessions, &c. O Death, how acceptable is thy iudgement vnto the needfull, &c.* O Death thou art a shadow indeed, thou fleest those that follow thee; and followest those that

that flee thee. *Mors optata recedit; at cum tristis erit, præcipitata venit.* Thou hastnest then, when we wish to eschue thee; then delayest thou, when we seeke to imbrace thee. Death is the rich mans Feare; and the poore mans Desire: Often called vpon, in Aduersity; neuer thought vpon in prosperity. In prosperity, we complaine, and cry with *Hezekiah*, to haue it further added into our dayes: But in aduersity, we can be content euery one to wish with *Elijah*; *It is enough now O Lord, take away my Soule, for I am no better then my Fathers.* Isa. 38. 1 King. 19. 4.

O Death! How fearefull a thing art thou to flesh and blood? How abhor we, to haue the graue, for our house; to make our bed in darkenesse; to say to Corruption, thou art my Father; and to the Worme, thou art my Sister, and my Mother? How doe we hate to in-

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that flee thee. *Mors optata recedit; at cum tristis erit, præcipitata venit.* Thou hastnest then, when we wish to eschue thee; then delayest thou, when we seeke to imbrace thee. Death is the rich mans Feare; and the poore mans Desire: Often called vpon, in Aduersity; neuer thought vpon in prosperity. In prosperity, we complaine, and cry with *Hezekiah*, to haue it further added into our dayes: But in aduersity, we can be content euery one to wish with *Eliah*; *It is enough now O Lord, take away my Soule, for I am no better then my Fathers.* Isa. 38. 1 King. 19. 4.

O Death! How fearefull a thing art thou to flesh and blood? How abhor we, to haue the graue, for our house; to make our bed in darkenesse; to say to Corruption, thou art my Father; and to the Worme, thou art my Sister, and my Mother? How doe we hate to in-

herit ſerpents, and wormes; to be ſeparated from our ſelues; to be returned to our duſt? how does Death terrifie vs, not onely in our owne experience, but others example? In others Example; ſo oft as we ſee or heare another is dead; it troubles vs to thinke, that wee alſo muſt dye. For our owne experience; how are we then agaſt, not knowing either what we muſt be or whither we muſt goe? Wee are afraid to dye, euen we, who haue good hope after Death: Euen we that looke for an houſe not made with hands; are notwithſtanding loath to leaue this houſe of clay: we that haue the promiſe of a Kingdome, are but vnwilling to forgoe our Priſon: There is a Feare in vs, to be diſſolued; notwithſtanding our Deſire to be with Chriſt: and we many irke to vndergoe the Paſſage, that euen reioyce to approach to the Home.

2 An interrogation, or death dared, where I am to aske this one thing of death, for your incouragement: *where is thy sting?*

Not onely this I am now to aske of death, but that I haue already said to death, (truely considered) serues to incourage vs against death. Death is a shadow, εὐκαταφρόνητον καὶ φοβερόν, but a very Bug-beare: and are we (like children) afraid of Hobgoblings onely? death is a nothing, and are wee afraid of we know not what? Death separates betwixt soule and body; why feare wee so it should dissolue vs, when wee ought to reioyce rather, that it cannot destroy vs? Feare wee what may separate vs from our selues? rather imbrace we, what will conuey vs to Christ. Death is doomed to vs all, and why feare we, what we cannot eschew? Our willingnesse to dye, is the onely way to preuent the necessity of

Chrys. ad pop. hom. 5.

Chryſ in Mat. 10. death. *Offeramus Deo pro munere, quod debito teneamur reddere.* Let vs therefore offer God our liues, as a free gift, which hee will otherwiſe require as a due debt. Deaths comming is vncertaine, and ſhall any vncertaine thing cauſe in vs a certaine feare? *Incertum eſt, quo te loco mors expectet; itaque tu illam omni loco expecta.* Sen. ep 25. Rather, ſeeing it is vncertaine, at what time, or in what place death will ouertake vs; let vs therefore bee ſure to expect death at all times, and in euery place. Death is equall and impartiall to all; this alſo ſhould make vs leſſe afraid of death. *Quis queri poteſt, in ea conditione ſe eſſe, in qua nemo non eſt?* Sen ep. 30. Who can complaine, when himſelfe is but in ſuch a caſe or condition, in which none are not? Who lookes that ſhee ſhould ſpare any, that knowes her indifferent to all? When the like ruine is threatned to an whole world,

world, who expects that himselfe should escape alone? Some comfort against the cruelty of death, is her equality. There are diuers wayes of dying, and should that make vs afraid of death? No matter how we dye, seeing the most is but to be dead. *Non multum curandum est eis, qui necessario morituri sunt, quid accidet, vt moriantur; sed moriendo, quo ire cogantur.* Since wee must dye, it skilleth not how we dye, but whether we must goe after death. Lastly, death is a thing fearefull to flesh and bloud; yet should not all this make vs afraid of death. For it is not death, but the feare of death, that is so fearefull. This fearefulnesse is rather from our owne ignorance, then according to the nature of the thing, ὡς ἐὰν λογιζώμεθα τί ποτ' ἐστὶ θάνατος, οὐκέτι αὐτὸν δείσομεν: did we but know death, wee would not so feare death. The feare of death

Aug. lib. 1. Ciu. Dei.

Chrys. ad pop. hom. 5.

is the punishment of our ignorance and negligence, which make vs apprehend things, as new and strange things, which otherwise are neither strange, nor new. The onely way then to make death not so fearefull to vs, is (by a daily meditation thereof) to make it more familiar; to acquaint our selues withall, before the comming, that we may lesse feare it when it comes. And thus, first learning not to feare death, at last come wee to dare death; *O death! where is thy sting?*

1 Cor. 15. 26. Death is not yet destroyed, for *the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death*; but death is already disarmed, *O death, where is thy sting?* The Text is an Ἐπινίκιον: The Captaines song of victory, as also the Souldiers song of deliuery. The words are of a mighty Conquerour, brauely insulting ouer a base and wretched enemy. And who is this

this conquerour of death, but *Christ Iesus*, the Lord of life? It was hee, spake in the Prophets words, *O death, I will bee thy death*; and in his power, speakes the Apostle here, *O death, where is thy sting? Quia in electis fundatus occidit mortem, mors mortis extitit*, Christ did once subdue death for vs; *O death, I will be thy death*; and we may now deride death in Christ, *O death, where is thy sting? Olim morti nostræ, mortis suæ potentiam minabatur.* Christ once threatned his death to our death, *O death, I will be thy death*; wherefore wee now may glory in the vertue of his death, against the malice of our owne, *O death, where is thy sting?*

Hos.13.14.

Greg.hom. 22.

Leo serm.8. passion.

Christ ouercame death by dying: nay, through death, destroyed he, not death onely, but him also that had the power of death, the Deuill. Our Captaine both beate our enemy at her owne weapon, and caught the

Heb.2.14.

Hunter in his owne ſnare. Hee but yeelded to death, to take aduantage againſt her: yea, therefore dyed the life, that death might no longer liue. Wherefore, *Non Chriſtum mortuum in morte credimus, ſed mortem mortuam in Chriſto.* Wee doe not thinke that Chriſt is dead in death, but beleeue that death is dead in Chriſt. Death, that greedy Whale durſt deuoure Chriſt, our *Ionas*, (who was therefore caſt forth into the ſea of the world, that ſo the ſtormes and tempeſts of the deuill, and ſinne, might ceaſe) but hee was preſerued aliue in the Fiſhes belly (the belly of hell, the iawes of death) to preach repentance to the *Niniue* of the Church. This ſame Whale ſwallowed the baite of Chriſts humanity, but the hook of his diuinity intangled her, and made her vomit vp her bowels, together with the baite. *Deuoraſti, & deuorata es.* Death thought

Chryſ. in Matth. 12.

Hieron. lib. 1. ep. ad Heliodor.

thought to haue ſwallowed Chriſt downe in obſcurity, and ſo death her ſelfe was ſwallowed vp in victory. Death, that Serpent, was bold to ſting Chriſt; but he made her loſe her ſting for her labour. His humanity could but receiue her ſting, of which his Diety did depriue her. So that wee may well aske her in him: *O death, where is thy ſting? The ſting of death is ſinne; Chriſt, the Lamb of God, hath taken away the ſins of the world.* In *Chriſt Ieſus* therefore may we ſecurely ſay: *O death, where is thy ſting?*

1 Cor. 15. 56.

Ioh. 1. 29.

Iob askt of man, *Man dyeth, and where is he?* but wee may aske as much of death: Man dyeth, and where is death? yea, wee may aske concerning the worſt of death, deaths ſting; *O death, where is thy ſting? Iacob* thus bewailed the death of *Ioſeph*, *Ioſeph* is dead, *Ioſeph* is not. And *Rachel* wept for her children, and would not bee comforted, becauſe

Iob 14. 10.

Gen. 42.

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Math. 2. | because they were not. Because death was there, they thought their children to bee no where. But now, death does but conuey vs where we should be, and death it selfe is no where. *O death, where is thy sting?* Death is quite vndone since the Crosse of Christ. When death entred
Exod. 15. | first into the world, it was like the waters of *Marah*, exceeding bitter: but since the Tree of the Crosse of Christ, was cast therein, it is now seasoned and sweetned vnto vs. Wee might once
2 King. 4. | cry out with the children of the Prophets: death is in the pot, death is in the pot: But since, Christ hath said, This Cup is the new Testament in my bloud: we may now say with the Saints of God; The Cup of Saluation, Saluation is in the Cup. There is now no more death, since the Lord of life. *Vita eius instruxit nostram, mors destruxit nostram.* His life hath instructed our life, his

his death, destroyed our death; his life quickened ours, his death sweetned ours: his life tooke away death from our life; his death, gaue life to our death.

The Text askes not this question; O death, what is thy sting? yet doe the words following make answere to such a question; *The sting of death is sinne.* (Death belike is not the sting of sinne, but sinne the sting of death: *peccato enim morimur, non morte peccamus*; Sith we dye indeed, by sinning, but sinne not by dying.) And as the words following answere to a question, they aske not; So my Text askes a question, to which it answeres not; *O death, where is thy sting?* It does not tell you where it is, to tell you, it is no where. Death hath now no sting. *Iam non est stimulus, sed sibilus, immo iubilus.* Reioyce all, and be glad; This Serpent may hisse at vs, this Bee may buzze about vs, but now can

Anselm. in l. 1.

can neither pricke nor ſting. The ſting of death is gone; there remaines but the name of death; nay, not the name of death to them that are in *Chriſt Ieſus*. *Mors piorum, non mors dicenda, &c.* The death of the godly is not to bee called a death, but a ſleepe, a reſting from their labours, a deliuery from their priſon, a laying downe their loade, a flitting to their home. Death hath loſt her ſting. Death is now no puniſhment, but a paſſage; not ſo much an end of this preſent life, as an entrance to a better; not a deſtruction now, but a diſſolution, ſeparating body and ſoule for a time, that ſo both may be coniоyned with Chriſt to eternity.

Thus haue I askt this one thing of death, *O death, where is thy ſting?* Now let me aske this one thing of you, why are you ſo deſperately and forlornely afraid of death, hauing heard

and

and knowne how death hath loſt her ſting? Oh faithleſſe man, and faint-hearted! Why trembleſt thou now to incounter with thy laſt enemy, ſince her weapon is taken from her? Shrinkeſt thou ſo at the coldneſſe of the Serpent, when thou knoweſt her poyſon and ſting are both away? Oh faithleſſe, and faint-hearted, to be ſo afraid of a ſhadow? Ah wretches! why feare wee death ſo deſperately; that are not loſt, but ſent before; whom death vtterly deſtroyes not, but eternity once receiues? It is for them to feare death ſo deſperately, that paſſe from one death to another; namely, from a death of the body once on earth, to the death of body and ſoule in hell for euer. It is for them ſo forlornely to feare a temporall death, that are either ignorant, or deſperate of eternall life. It is for them ſo to feare their ſtiftings, that goe from

their

their prison, to the place of their execution. But as for vs that are in *Christ Iesus*, wee passe from a Prison, to a Palace; from a Dunghill, to a Throne, from a crazy and wretched Tabernacle, to a certaine and blessed home. *Eius est mortem timere, qui non vult ad Christum ire.* It is for them to feare to be dissolued, that hope not to be with Christ. A forlorne feare of death, is but a despaire of life after death. Men had rather suffer a great deale of paine, and liue, then dye but with a little paine: the which betokens, that it is something after death, that is so fearefull, and not death it selfe. Let them then desire to linger in the miseries of this present life, that so but delay awhile the torments of the life to come. But as for vs that are in *Christ Iesus*, after many our stormes and shipwracks, why feare wee to arriue at our Hauen? Hauing fought a good fight,

Cypr. de mortal.

fight, and finiſhed our courſe, why doubt we to goe and haue our crowne? hauing runne our race, why are we ſo loath to obtaine our price? Why ſhould we feare the threatnings of a temporall death, that may reioyce in the promiſes of eternall life? *Whether we liue, wee liue vnto the Lord, whether we dye, we dye vnto the Lord: therefore whether wee liue or dye, we are the Lords:* Neither let vs bee ſo diſſolute, and prophane of life, as therefore aſhamed to liue, nor ſo ignorant and negligent of death, as therefore afraid to dye. But at the inſtant of our ſeuerall flittings, ſay euery one, as a dying Saint; *Egredere, quid times? egredere anima mea, &c.* Goe forth my ſoule! why feareſt thou? goe forth. Learne each ſoule to ſay at the laſt paſſage of his pilgrimage: what though I dye, I know my Redeemer liueth; though I be diſſolued from my ſelfe

Rom. 14. 8

Hieron in vita Hilarion.

ſelfe, yet ſhall I bee conioyned with Chriſt. Lye then downe (my body!) and returne vnto thy duſt; mount thou aloft (my ſoule!) and meet thy Sauiour in the ayre; my body may be but wormes-meate for a while, my ſoule (I am aſſured) ſhall be an Angels fellow for euer.

I haue done with my Text as concerning you, before whom it hath beene vttered. I am now onely to apply it to this honourable party, for whom it was intended. This honourable party, your dolefull ſpectacle, and my Texts vntimely occaſion; This honourable party, our Maſter, Father, Brother; this honourable party, whoſe honour, for his perſon, now lyes in the duſt; for his ſucceſſion, Lord let it long, and much, both continue and increaſe.

The bleſſed Saints of God learne

learne many good lessons in their liues, which they both teach, and vse at their death. Concerning this Saint now departed, wee that heard, can witnesse, how well he had learnt to adapt the prayers and sayings of the faithfull, and former Saints, to his owne, and instant necessities. He sang with *Simeon, Lord, now letteſt thou thy ſeruant depart in peace.* Hee prayed with Saint *Paul, deſiring to be diſſolued, and to be with Chriſt.* Yea, said hee, with both the lingring and longing Saints, *How long Lord, how long? Euen ſo come Lord Ieſus, come quickly.* One of these sweet sayings of his owne application, had giuen me my Text to treat of, saue that I considered, this Text that I haue chosen, did as much as intimate them all. For, to pray to depart, to desire to be dissolued, to call for the hastening, and to complaine of the deferring; What other is all this,

Luk. 2.

Phil. 1.

Reu. 6.
Reu. 22.

this, but as in my Text, earnestly to summon death, *O death!* and stoutly to dare death, *where is thy sting?* Hee mentioned the departing, hee expected the dissoluing, but he neuer feared the stinging. He knew hee should not be lost, he should but depart; therefore sayes he, *Lord, now lettest thou thy seruant depart, &c.* He knew well, death could but dissolue him, it could not destroy him; he therefore said, *I desire to be dissolued, &c.* And this is no more, then as if hee had demanded of death here in defiance; *O death, where is thy sting?* As hee had thus said; O death, thou art death indeede, and thou mayest dissolue mee, but where is thy sting? Sting hast thou none, and therefore thou canst not destroy me.

It hath beene alwayes the Churches vse, not onely to relate, but commend the liues of the Faithfull, being dead, that so the

the liuing might come to know their conuersation, and bee brought to follow their example. Both for our information, and imitation of this Saint deceased; I could gladly, (as I might iustly) inlarge my stile to a volume of his prayse. I flatter him not to say the best I can of him, that is now better then I can tell how to say. To prayse a good man after his death, is not to flatter him, but to prayse God for him: besides, a dead mans commendation, is the liuings admonition. Then why should we forget, whom we ought to imitate? Why should his vertues dye with him, before men on earth? whose graces are gone before him, and liue before the face of Christ in heauen. Letvs yet therefore speake of him, when wee cannot now speake with him. Letvs haue him now in our mindes, while he is now no more before our eyes: hauing

now

now loſt his preſence, let vs inioy him yet in his remembrance.

The life of our Honourable and deare Brother departed, muſt I remember vnto you, according to the two-fold ſtate of life; his proſperity, his aduerſity; and in them both, I commend vnto you his Chriſtianity. Hee is worthy the conſideration in either ſtate: In as much as hee dranke deepe of a mixed Cup; both had he his ſhare of the honey-combe, and withall, was vineger and gall made his portion to drinke: as a large talent was giuen him, ſo an heauy load was layd vpon him. God wonderfully both bleſſed, and afflicted him, becauſe in both (as himſelfe both found and ſaid) God would try him to the full. And indeede, neither ſtate did more then exerciſe, and examine him: for, neither did the height of his proſperity, puffe

him

him vp, nor could the depth of his aduerſity depreſſe him. In his proſperity I neuer heard but that he was iuſt, and temperate. This I can ſay, hee was both humble and thankefull in his affliction.

1. For his proſperity in particular; and there to beginne with him as ſoone as he began to proſper. He was a man (as it is well knowne) worſhipfully borne, religiouſly educated, wiſely inſtructed, honorably promoted; A man happy in a loyall wife, ioyfull in vertuous children, proſperous in worldly wealth. Nor were his proſperity ſo commendable, but for his Piety, and charity. For his Piety, he ſerued his God, hee reuerenced the Church, hee heard the word, he beleeued the truth, he endeauoured the good; His ſighs and teares, could witneſſe his tender-heartedneſſe; ſo his prayers, and meditations, his heauenly

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him vp, nor could the depth of his aduersity depresse him. In his prosperity I neuer heard but that he was iust, and temperate. This I can say, hee was both humble and thankefull in his affliction.

1. For his prosperity in particular; and there to beginne with him as soone as he began to prosper. He was a man (as it is well knowne) worshipfully borne, religiously educated, wisely instructed, honorably promoted; A man happy in a loyall wife, ioyfull in vertuous children, prosperous in worldly wealth. Nor were his prosperity so commendable, but for his Piety, and charity. For his Piety, he serued his God, hee reuerenced the Church, hee heard the word, he beleeued the truth, he endeauoured the good; His sighs and teares, could witnesse his tender-heartednesse; so his prayers, and meditations, his heauenly

heauenly mindednesse. For his Charity, it is well noted, where euer he had any thing to doe, the first thing he did, was alwais to doe good. Besides his oft, and priuate almes, his light moreouer shines in publique, and both in City, and country, men may see his good workes. Were I (for memory, and imitation sake) to catalogue, or record his works, I could declare when, how, where, hee spared neither for hundreds, nor for thousands, to doe good. But such a thing I rather thinke worthy a wide worlds eye, then but only a small peoples care. What he hath bestowed to pious and charitable vses amount to more then 11000. pounds. And this the seuerall places endowed can truely witnesse, and Parties benefitted shall thankfully confesse. Both liuing and dying was he largely and variously beneficent. As for the most things of common

common vse, and neede, these were the obiects of his liberality. Hals, Hospitals, Prisons, Schooles, Colledges, and Churches; of some was he sole Founder, to some a free Benefactour I might (not amisse) call him a man of good workes. Hee was food to the hungry, a garment to the naked, comfort to the sicke, a relieue vnto the prisoner, and an harbour euen to the stranger. For, besides those of his acquaintance, many one had cause to blesse him, that scarce euer saw his face. One thing I may not here omit, that when he had done much good for many, hee further demanded of vs, Who was there would haue him doe any thing for them? And when he had freely and orderly giuen the last he gaue, hee yet askt, what else was for him to doe? Though his good deeds were many and munificent, yet such words shewed a minde,

beyond his deeds; that when he had done well, and sufficient, yet was he not satisfied with doing good.

2 Touching his aduersity; his heauenly Father, as hee had for a long time imbraced this his Sonne, in the armes of his blessings: so did his heauy hand scourge him sore, now that hee receiued him. Hee so cherished him, as not to let him escape the whip. And all to tell him, he could not be so happy here, as not to be miserable, and must be miserable a while, to be happy for euer. During the time of his sickneſſe, his sufferings were both tedious and extreame, so that (comparing his paines together with his yeares) we wondred he could be so mightily afflicted, and yet so marueilously subsist in his afflictions. Both were his paines great, and groanes many, and (for many moneths together) his food, and

and sleepe (in comparison) small, or none. His Bed was but as his Racke; the place of naturall refreshment, as an engine of extreame torment. Nor was any time so restlesse to him, as the common time of rest. For all which, he was neuer heard to charge God foolishly, but alwayes, in his wholesome Admonitions, his holy Confessions, his hearty Inuocations; so improoued hee his breath to the last. All those godly and comfortable sayings that proceeded from him, should I now vtter them in particular, I suppose it would bee another Sermon to recite them. Lastly, hauing both appoynted, and perfected his whole bequest, and so set his house in order, and now quite renounced the world, setting himselfe (as he said) to present his soule before God in Christ: after a long and bitter agony, and now towards the doomed

and expected moment of his peaceable passage: while our hearts groaned, and eyes distilled in their deuotions, his soule beganne already to be rauished in her heauenly visions, and blessed contemplations: and so, he cheerefully flitting from vs, left vs sadly looking on.

To insist long vpon the vertues of the Dead, is (in some case) to adde vnto the sorrowes of the liuing; For, to heare his goodnesse praysed, cannot but this way grieue vs, namely, in that wee haue lost so great a good. We haue lost him, wee haue lost him; nor indeed is he lost, but to vs. We haue some lost a Lord, some lost a Friend, some lost a Magistrate, some lost a Master, some lost a Peere, some lost a Patron, one lost a Husband, some lost a Father, and (to mine owne particular) next a Father, his losse was mine: To reckon so manifold

a

a losse, my Teares begin to stop my speech; and bid me bewaile it rather in sobbes, then words. But I refraine the rather to let loose mine owne passion at this time and place; considering how vnfitting he is to comfort others, whose owne sorrowes ouercome himselfe. It is not for me now to shew sorrow in my face, that am now to speake comfort to your hearts.

Comfort we our selues therefore (Brethren) in the Lord, in whom (wee beleeue) this our Brother doth now reioyce. Let vs be content to lose him whom it hath pleased God to gaine: How iustly might he take him away from vs, that euen gaue him to himselfe? Let vs not only bewaile that we want him, but reioyce rather, that once we had him, He is dead, neither the first, nor last: we must follow after, whither he is but gone before. Neither was he violently

nor vntimely ſnatcht away from vs, but he ſlept peaceably, and dyed in a good age. Let it not then ſo afflict vs, to thinke how wee may miſſe him here on earth, as reioyce vs to expect how we muſt meet him in the Ayre, at the laſt comming of the Lord *Ieſu*. To which comming of thine (Lord *Ieſu*) not only haſten, but prepare: that when thou ſhalt deſcend from Heauen with a ſhout, with the voyce of the Archangell, and the Trumpe of God; we which ſhall then liue and remaine, may be caught vp with them (euen this our Brother, and all thine holy Saints and Angels) in the clouds; and ſo be, & be bleſt with thee our onely Lord and Sauiour, for euer and euer.

Amen.

28 SE 60

FINIS.

A iuſt and neceſſary Catalogue of ſuch Noble and Charitable Deeds, as haue beene done by the late Right Honourable, *Baptiſt* Lord *Hickes*, Viſcount *Campden*, as well in his Life, as at his Death: recorded to the glory of God, his own Honour, and others good Example.

Good deeds done to the Towne of *Campden*, in the County of *Glouceſter*.

HEe built an Almeſhouſe or Hoſpitall for 6. poore men, and 6. poore women, coſt 1000. l.

Since the yeare of the foundation of the ſaid Almeſhouſe, &c. 1612. *Hee hath al-*

lowed the said 12. poore people, weekely maintenance, to the value of 1300.l.

And now at his death, hee hath setled 140. l. per annum for euer vpon the said Almes-house, allowing each of the said poore Prisoners 3.s. 4.d. weekly, and yeerely a Gowne, a Hat, and a Tunne of Coales. per annum. 140. l.

Hee built a commodious Market-house in the said Towne, cost 90.l.

By his last Will, hee gaue to the said Townē for the setting of the poore to worke, a stocke of 500.l.

To the Church of Campden.

He gaue a Bell, cost 66.l.

Made a Pulpit, gaue a Cloath and Cushion, cost 22.l.

Built a Gallery, cost 8.l.

Made

Made a Window, cost 13.l.

Gaue a brasse Falcon, cost 26.l.

Gaue two Communion Cups, cost 21.l.

Built the roofe of the Chauncell, and new leaded it, cost 200 l.

He repaired the Chappell by the said Chauncell, supplyed, and new cast the Leades, cost 20.l.

He walled the Church-yard round, cost 150.l.

Within the County of *Middlesex.*

Hee built a Sessions House for the Iustices of Middlesex, to keepe their Sessions in, cost 600.l.

He repaired, and adorned the Chappell of Hamstead, *cost* 76.l.

He set vp a Window in the Chauncell of Kensington, *and beautified it, cost* 30.l.

Hee hath giuen by his last Will to the said Towne of Kensington, *to bee imployed for the benefit of the poore, the summe of* 200.l.

In the City of *London.*

Hee hath giuen by his last Will to S. Bartholomewes *Hospitall,* 100.l.

To Christs Church *Hospitall.* 50.l.

To New-Gate, Lud-Gate, *and the two* Counters, 40.l.

Hee erected a Window in S. Laurence *Church in the old* Iewry, *and gaue a Pulpit Cloath and Cushion, cost* 30.l.

Impropri-

One in Pembrokeſhire, *to be giuen to the Towne of* Tewkesbury *in* Glouceſterſhire, *whereof one moity to the Preacher, the other to the poore, coſt* 460.l.

Another in Northumberland, *whereof one moity to bee giuen toward the maintenance of an able Preacher in* Hamſtead, *the other to S.* Pauls *Schoole in* London, *towards the maintenance of certaine Schollers in* Trinity *Colledge in* Cambridge, *coſt* 760.l.

One in the Biſhopricke *of* Durham, *to bee beſtowed on ſuch Churches as ſhall haue moſt need thereof, according to the diſcretion of his Superuiſors, coſt* 366.l.

Ano-

Another in Dorſetſhire, *to bee beſtowed likewiſe, coſt* 760.l.

Certaine Chauntery Lands alſo in Lincolneſhire, *coſt* 240.l.

Hee hath alſo giuen to two Miniſters to be choſen out of Ieſus Colledge *in* Oxford, *to ſerue in their ſeuerall places,* 40.l. *a peece* per annum, 80.l.

He hath bequeathed Legacies to ſeuerall Miniſters, the ſumme of 140.l.

He hath giuen to Mr. A. E. *during his life,* per annum, 100.l.

He hath giuen amongſt his houſe-hold ſeruants 300.l.

28 SE 60

An

An Elegie.

If ſorrowes ſilent be; I ſhould bewray
An eaſineſſe, that would my ſorrow ſay.
But time is, and affection too affords, (words.
To breathe from ſighes awhile, and breathe forth
Why ſhould I be cloſe niggard of my griefe?
Sith to impart it, is to finde reliefe.
I waile the loſſe of one; like Lot of all
Is to be wail'd, and fear'd in generall.
Alwayes the greater loſſe, the griefe the more:
While I applaud then, I muſt needs deplore.

B ounties free hand, ah Bounty now lies bound!
A mities deare heart, hath felt a deadly wound.
P ieties pure ſoule, farre flitted is from hence:
T ruths ſimple tongue, is buried in ſilence.
I uſtice impartiall Eye, is ſhut vp faſt:
S incerities bright countenance, defac't.
T emperance ſober palate, pal'd and cloy'd:
C haſtities vnpolluted body, ſtroyd.
A ttentions faithfull eare, hard ſtopt with earth:
M emories ſound braine minds now another birth.
P atience meeke ſpirit, humbled to the duſt:
D euotions zealous Saint, reignes with the iuſt.
E xperience long dayes and good, are gone:
N obility is layd in graue alone.

Can ſo great loſſe in ſilence now be borne?
Or can I ſay, I miſſe him; and not mourne?
I hate to count, and not condole the loſſe
Of good men: none but bad men ſlight ſuch croſſe:

And

And ſhew their teeth, cauſe others wet their eyes,
For loſſe of Saints; which they nor are, nor prize.
Onee priz'd I one, who ſo prize-worthy was;
I daily learne to prize him by his loſſe.
I'le waile a priuate want; feare th' common dearth
Of goodneſſe; ſince good men ſo leaue the earth.

An Epitaph.

Readerknow, who ere thou be;
Here lyes Faith, Hope, and Charity:
Faith true, Hope firme, Charity free;
Baptiſt-Lord-Camdens were theſe three:
Faith in God, Charity to brother,
Hope for himſelfe; what ought he other?
Faith is no more, Charity's crown'd;
Tis only Hope is vnder ground.

In Baptiſtam Camdenum.

Gratia Baptiſta eſt, dicit Camdenus honorem:
Sic hominis clarus, ſanctus & ille Deo.

In Baptiſtam defunctum.

Succubuit ferro quondam Baptiſta Iohannes:
Baptiſta hic noſter funere ſuccubuit.
Truncatus ferro non eſt, qui funere truncus;
Non ſibi, ſed nobis mors tulit atra caput.

I.G.

If to be crown'd with honour of the Peeres:
If to be honour'd with a crowne of yeeres:
If to haue wealth, and know the vſe of it,
To haue a ſolid and ingenious wit;
If goodly houſes, with good ſtore of land;
If an vnſported, and an open hand;
If ſtrength of minde, and vigor of the ſence,
A candid breſt, and a cleare conſcience:
A noble iſſue, and a noble race,
Endow'd with inward, and with outward grace:
If loue of friends, and friendſhip without ſtrife;
Obſeruant children, and a faithfull wife,
If a religious and a loyall heart
May perfect bliſſe to any man impart,
Then to Lord *Campden*; who in all this rowle
Had euery gift, in body or in ſoule:
His ſoule in heauen is a welcome gueſt:
Then let his bones in quiet ſilence reſt.

Memoriæ ſacræ.

Cùm tot facundos Camdene peregeris annos;
Atq; tuis largas cùm numeráris opes,
Cùm tibi ſuccreſcant illuſtri ſtirpe Nepotes;
Cùm mirâ celſas ſtructeris arte domos;
Cùm tibi partus honor, victiſq; paratus egenis:
Quid ſupereſt? vltrà non ſupereſſe.
Vale.

Hieſus hic ſitus eſt; Campi qui gloria Dei:
Ternus, & æternus dat meliora Deus.
R. A.

Ad.

Ad Avum defunctum.

If good mens death be but a timely ſl epe,
If man two childhoods hath, the firſt to keepe
The firſt watch of his life, then that of age
Which with the former ſtands in equipage
Vthering the ſecond better life, when you
May in a moment all your yeares renew,
And by the fruitfull priuiledge of death,
Claime life againe more permanent then breath.
Sith mans laſt breath to man doth life apply,
Sith death's the childhood of eternity,
Why weepe we ? rather when you leaue this light
We'le aske you bleſſing and bid you good night :
Tis *vale* long enough now, for anon
You'le be awake 'ith' reſurrection.
Children muſt ſleepe then, ſo muſt age, and both
Are tows'd from ſlumbring at their perfect growth :
Sleepe then in earth thy cradle, ſecure lie,
May Angels *requiems* be thy lullaby,
Till the laſt trumpe awake thee, and the faire
Counceil of Elders place thee in their chaire,
When ioyntly with the quire of Angels bleſt
Thou mayſt ſing *Hallelujahs* with the reſt.

Baptiſt Noel.

Proſopopœia

Prosopopœa Latinis Iambis.

Quicquid sub Arctio, quicquid in gremio latet
Thetidis, vel amplo conditur Ponti sinu,
Aut æstuantis febre perpetuâ canis
Radians ocellus vidit inter fluctuum
Ebullientes rivulos, vel auxius
Quærunt sub undis alacer Indus, Aethiops,
Mauruſue pelle nigricante Barbarus.
Hæc omnia domi nôsse te (charum caput)
Testantur Argonautæ, & abietum frequens
Catena, malorumq; silvæ mobiles,
Pontiq; nemora densa, decumano mari
Tot insulas nutante fixas vertice
Totiens salutantia, iteratis nunciis
Dum tu Liburnarum reuisens navium
Orbem stupentem, miscuisti Barbaris
Gentem togatam, interfusisti & servis.
Mediante seruo Gangis in negotijs.
At ista menti prævolenti vilior
Conditio sordet & globi sci. mia
Exacta licet & ampla terreni iacet
Contempta, & æquatur (quod explanat) solo.
Cœlestis ardor surgit ad cœlestia,
Nec sufficit contractus orbis navitæ
Terræ mariscq; conscio, sat semitæ
Kimæq; cuiusq; extimæ, sed aliùs
Orbem supernum quærit, illic forsitan
Cœlestis Eridani fluentis navigans
Stellata in Argo cœlum aquosum transnatat.
Vel forsan undas atri adhuc tranans Stygis

Cymba

Cymbâ Charontis ibis Elysiam domum,
Vale ergo, & inter viue cœlestes choros:
Tantum hoc auitam licebit vrnam carmine
Notare: Patri dicat extremum vale
Pietas Nepotum, hæc esto sarcophago nota
Cinereum loculo figet hoc Epitaphium.

Epitaphium.

Transi viator Nobilis
Et civis hic sepultus est,
At siste gradum, nam brevi
Videbis istum nobilem
Redibit, haud morabitur,
Resurget extremo die.
Qui transmarinam navigans
Tot orbis ampli littora
Expertus, omnem noverat
Terræ maris q; semitam,
Tandem suam feliciter
Mundi Charibdeis abnuens
Adegit ad portum ratem,
Sed vela jam si crediris
Iterum tetendisse, & sua
Ventis dedisse carbasa,
Nec falsa forsan erit fides
Ergo valete dicit, at
Redibit, Expellabitis.
Gazophylacio deest
Gemma hæc perennis unica:
Æterna vita dicitur.
Ad hanc amandam navigat
Christi sub auspicijs nova

Ad

Adnumdinas Hierusalem
Hic nobilis non civis est,
At civis illic nobilis,
Corolla datur hic aurea
Illic corona gloria.

Henricus Noel.

ymbolum Honoratiſſimi D. Vicecomitis *Campden*: optumi ſenis & bonorum patroni.

NONDVM METAM.

Vltu, Canitie, ſenio venerandus, & annis,
Et ſanus mente, & corpore ſanus eras,
dix progenie, felix vxore fuiſti,
Externiſq; potens affluis, Euge! bonis:
ſatis hæc non ſint, meritis & honoribus auctius
Diceris ipſe genus nobilitaſſe tuum.
uid! Nondum Metam *ais? valde ampla eſt hæc tibi meſſis.*
Æger inops non es, ſed nec auarus eras:
Quod ſi virtutem cupias, humilemq; piumq;
Nobilem & humanum te, placidumq; virum,
rudentem, ſobrium celebramus, & omnibus æquum,
Et Regi gratum dicimus atque Deo.
uid ſupereſt ergo? quod ſupra eſt, inquis, in orbe
Terrarum non eſt ſpes, neque meta mea,
on eſt hæc infrà, cœlis mihi meta repoſta,
Chriſtus vbi viuit, regnat & ipſe Deus;
ic mea meta eſt, hîc mea vita, hîc vota fuerunt:
Non niſi per mortem huc tenditur? en morior.
c [Nondum Metam] *vivus dixiſſe ſolebas;*
Sic Tandem Metam te tetigiſſe reor.

De

De mortuis nil niſi bonum.

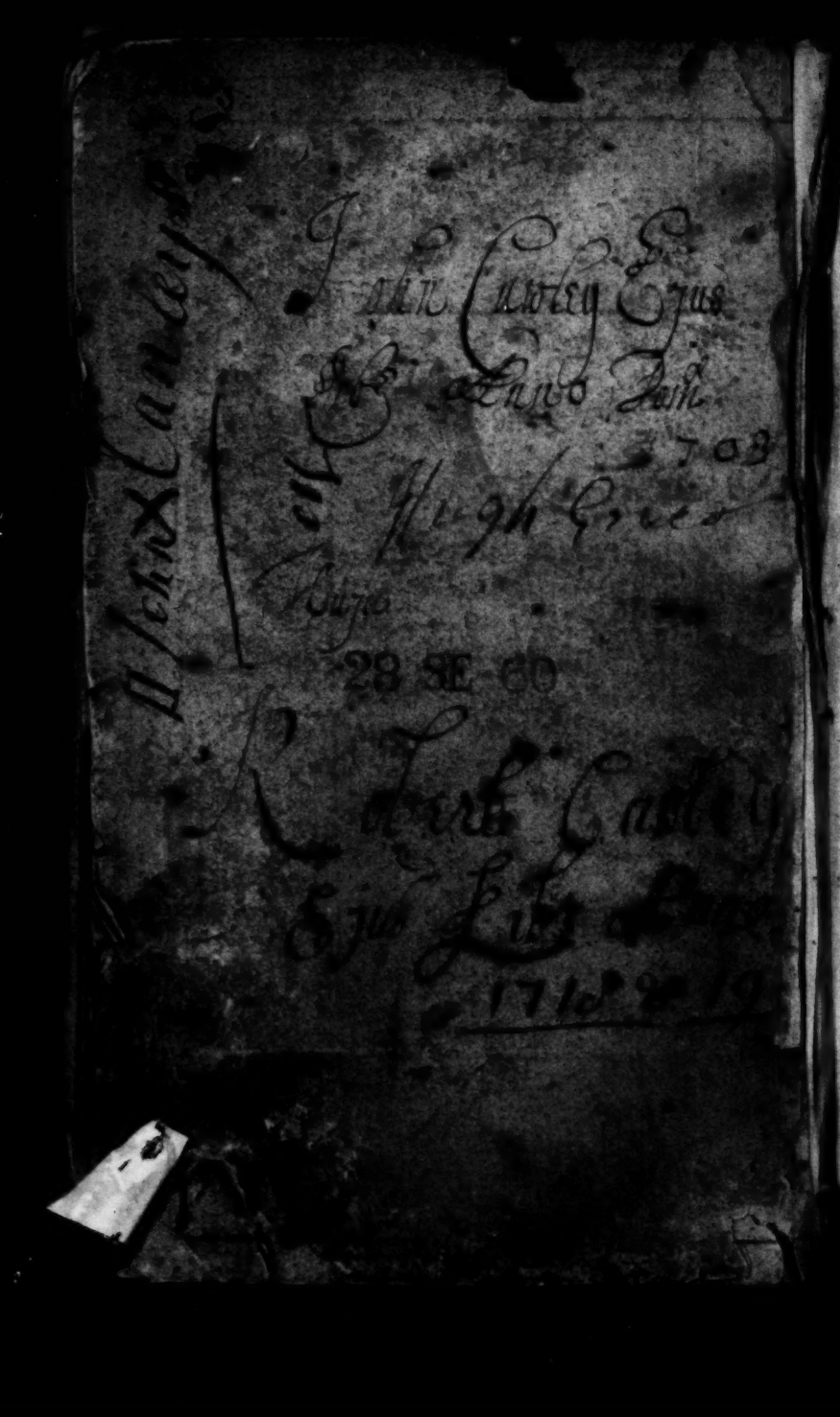
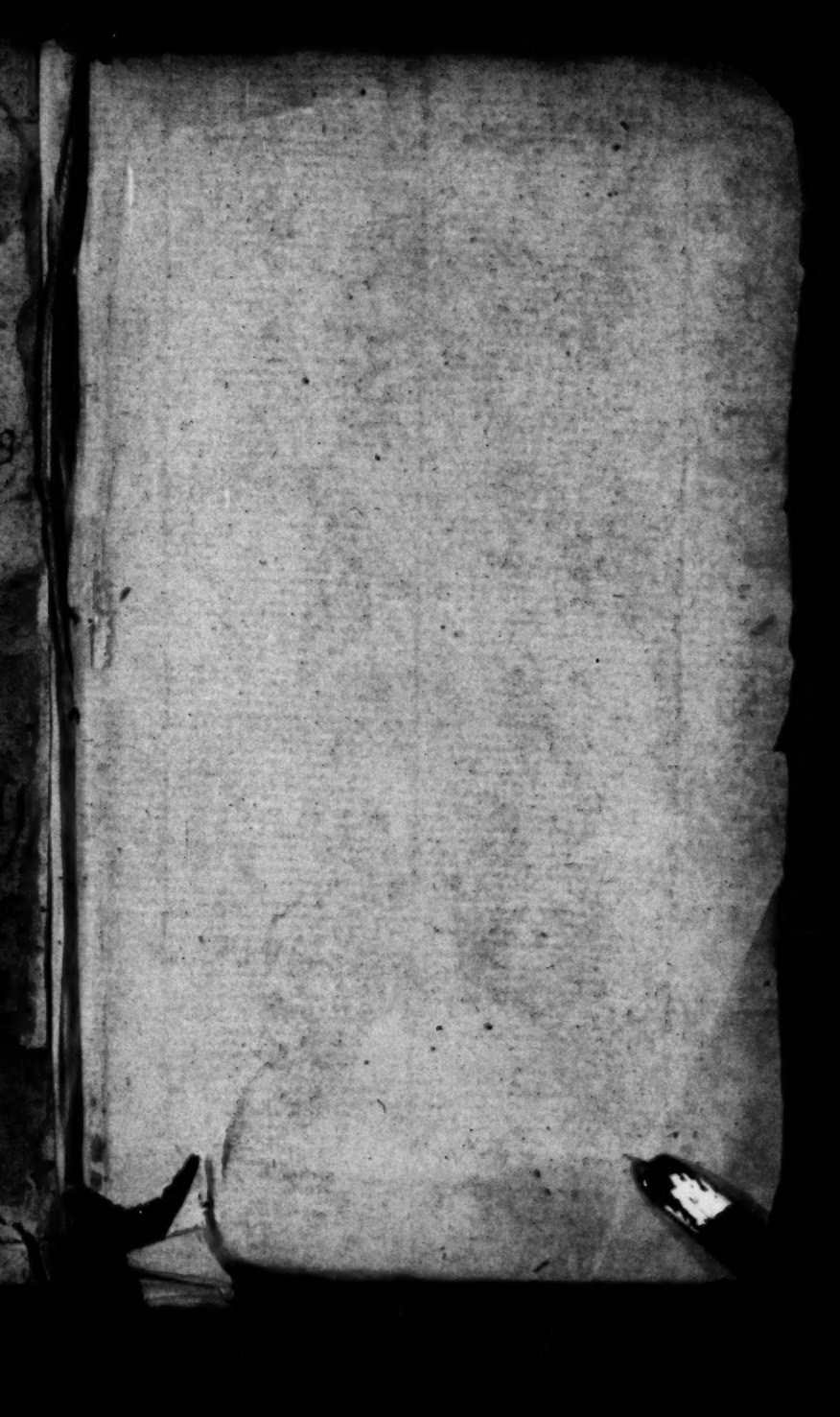
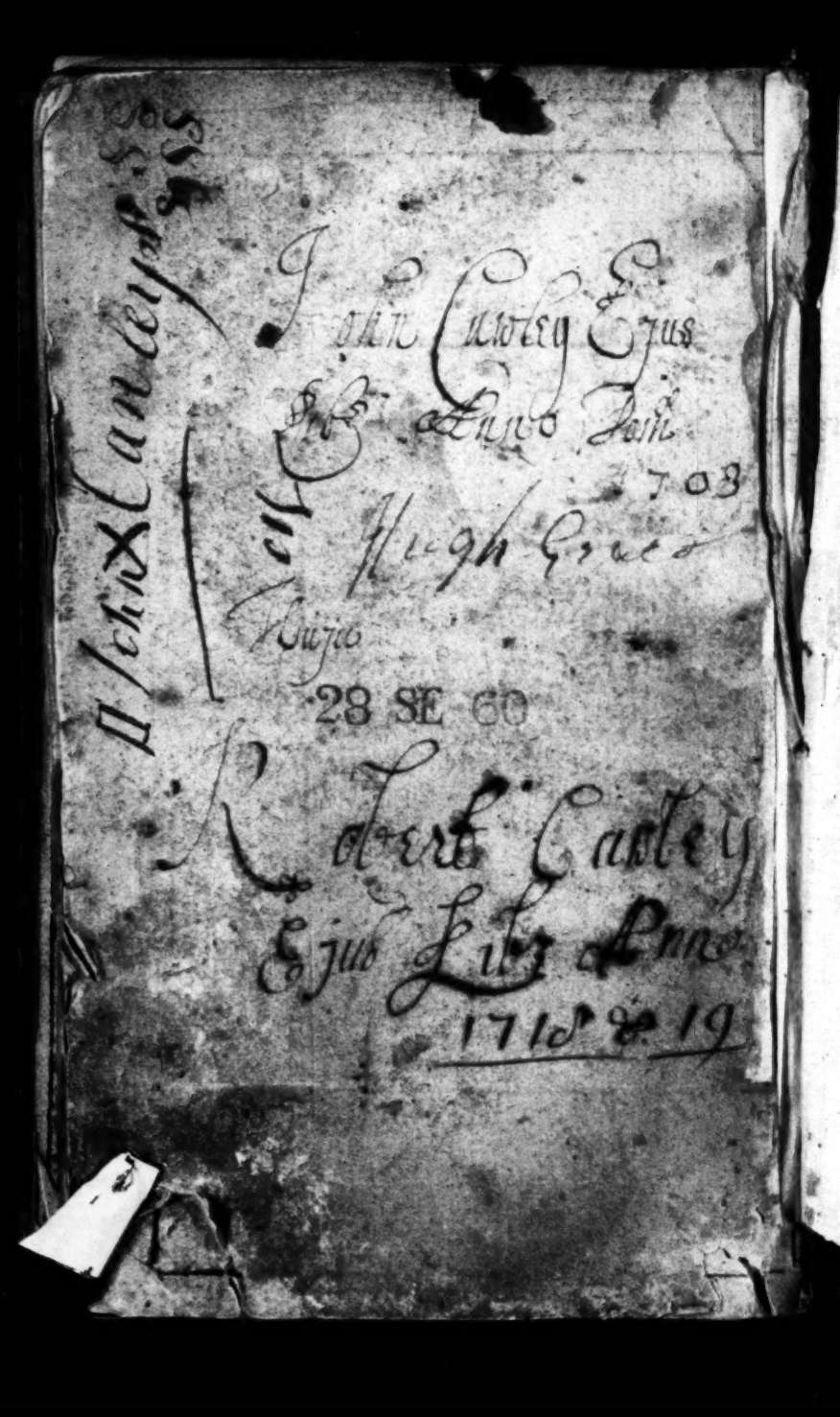
HEe who was rich in bounty, as in wealth,
In honour humble, mindefull of his end,
Comely of perſon, full of dayes and health,
To rich and poore an amiable friend:
Enuy! thou knoweſt not him, if thou ſpeake ill,
Who neither liu'd, nor dyed againſt his will.

Aske not what workes of piety he did
Now when he dyed, his life was liberall,
From Church and Vniuerſity not hid:
He made leaſt noyſe when hee did moſt of all.
Giue me the prudent man, who while he liues
Doth his good workes; and ſo, ſees what he giues.

He among men was iuſt, moſt free from wrong,
Sweet-natured, cheerefull, louing euery way,
To God deuout; his prayſes were his ſong;
His prayers, ſighes and teares: what ſhall I ſay?
This Lord is dead; and I am left, as one
'Mong many, to be ſorry that hee's gone.

28 SE 60

W. B.

Errata.

Age 2. line 10. for *an hundred*, reade *nine hundred*. and l. 25. for *things*, reade *mes*. p. 21. l. 10. reade ὀυκαταφρόνητον, the Catologue, for *poore Prisoners*, ade *Pensioners*. in the verses, for *ri*, reade *atræ*, for *cineremq;*, reade *cirumq;*.